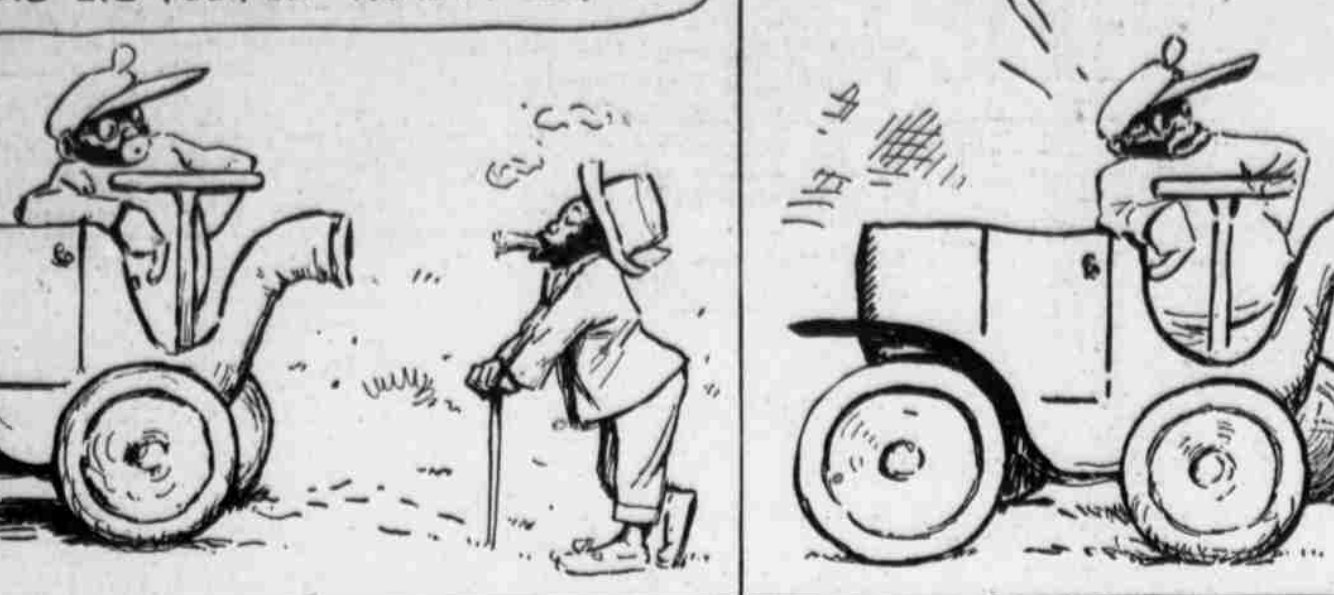


GET-RICH-QUICK-WALSINGFORD

NOW DIS AM DEMONSTRACHUN NUMBA ONE. AH WANT YOU TO NOTICE DE POWAH OB DIS HORN DEY AINT NO HORN MADE WHAT KIN CARRY AS FAR AS DIS LIL TOOTER READY! SET!



LAZARUS

By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

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BOOK III.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"TTS Johnny Applesed," a man at my side told me, as if the name explained anything he might do.

"Tippecanoe was fought at 4 o'clock in the morning," said a soldier.

"I was there," spoke out Johnny Applesed.

No other man could say as much. All looked at him as he stood on his caustic feet, strutting his arms, lean and sun-cured, upward in the fire-light.

"Angels were there. In rain and darkness I heard them speak and say, 'His bath cut the lot for them, and his hand bath divided it unto them by line; they shall possess it forever; from generation to generation shall they dwell therein. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose!'"

"Say, Johnny, what does an angel look like?" piped up one of the boys, quite in fellowship.

Johnny Applesed turned his rapt vision aside and answered:

"Say Johnny, haven't the Indians any angels?"

"You'll wish they was with the angels if they ever get you by the hair," laughed one of the men.

Soldiers began moving their single cannon, a six-pounder, from one block-house to another. All the men jumped up to help, as at the raising of a home, and put themselves in the way so ardently that they had to be ordered back.

When everybody but ourselves had left the starlit open place, Johnny Applesed lay down and stretched his heels to the blaze. A soldier added another log, and kicked into the fire a small tin of kerosene. It was the end of July, Lake Erie cooled the inland forests.

Sentinels were posted in the block-houses. Quiet settled on the camp, and not turning many things in my mind inside the impending battle. Napoleon Bonaparte had made a disastrous campaign in Russia. If I were yet in France, I should have been a Frenchman. The following years made me an American. I had passed my years to a land in no more to be explained than the fact that many women are beautiful, while only one is vitally interesting.

The wilderness mystic was sitting up looking at me.

"I see two people in you," he said.

"Only two?"

"What are their names?"

"Their names I cannot see."

"Well, suppose we call them Louis and George?"

His eyes sparkled.

"You are a white man," he pronounced.

"By that I mean you are not stained with many vile sins."

"I hadn't an equal chance with other men. I lost nine years."

"Mebby," hazarded Johnny Applesed, cautiously, "you are the one appointed to open and read what is sealed."

"If you mean to interpret what you read, I'm afraid I am not the one. Where did you get those leaves?"

"From a book that I divided up to distribute among the people."

"Doesn't that destroy the sense?"

"No. I carry the pages in their order from cabin to cabin."

He came across the fire with the lightness of an Indian, and gave me his own fragment to examine. It proved to be from the writings of one Emanuel Swedenborg.

With a smile which seemed to lessen the slant of his face and concentrate its expression to a shining point, Johnny Applesed said his leather bag along the rope girder, and reached them, one after the other. I thought he wanted me to notice his apple seeds, and inquired how many kinds he carried. So he showed them in handfuls, brown and glistening, or gummy with the sweet blood of cider. These produced pippins; these produced russets; these produced luscious harvest apples that fell in August bursting with juicy ripeness. Then he showed me another handful, which were not apple seeds at all, but small, round, smooth, moving with fluid swiftness as he poured them from palm to palm.

"Do you know what this is?"

"I told him I didn't."

"It's a corn kernel," he said.

I laughed and asked him what kind of apples it bore.

Johnny Applesed smiled at me again.

"It's a flower. I'm spreading it over the whole of Ohio and Indiana. It'll come up like the stars for abundance, and fill the land with rankness and fever, and you'll see 'em grow!"

"But how about the rankness?"

"Fever and rank will flee away," he insisted, continuing his search through the bag.

He next brought out a parcel, wrapped up carefully in doekins to protect it from the elements, and turned foolishly in the face, as bits of ribbon and cotton were fastened by a tallow.

"This isn't the one," he said, bundling it up and thrusting it back again. "The one I want is the one that will save the world. I carry patches for the little girls. Here's what I was looking for."

It was another doekins parcel, bound lengthwise and crosswise by threads. Three Army Applesed, reverently loosened the binding, forth a small book with wooden covers fastened by a tallow.

CHAPTER III.

WHERE did you get this? I heard myself asking, a strange voice sounding far down the throat.

"From an Indian," he said, and laid me down with rankness and fever, and you'll see 'em grow!"

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ing after it fell to his share, so he was glad to give it to me.

"Where did he get it?"

"His tribe took it from some prisoners they killed."

I was running blindly around in a circle to find relief from the news he dealt me, when the absurdity of such news overtook me. I stood and laughed.

"Who were the prisoners?"

"I don't know," answered Johnny Applesed.

"How do you know the Indians killed them?"

"The one that gave me this book told me so."

"There are plenty of padlocked books in the world," I said launily. "At least there must be more than one. How long ago did it happen?"

"Not very long ago, I think; for the book is new."

"Give it to me," I said, as if I cured him.

"It's a sacred book," he answered, hesitating.

"Maybe it's sacred. Let me see."

"There may be holy mysteries in it, to be read only of him who has the key."

"I have a key!"

"No! You might break my key in a padlocked book that belonged to prisoners killed by the Indians?"

He held it out to me and I took hold of the padlock. It was a small steel padlock, and the hole looked dangerously the size of my key.

"I can't do it!" I said.

"No! You might break my key in a strange padlock! Hold it still, Johnny. Please don't shake it."

"I'm not shaking it," Johnny Applesed answered tenderly.

"There's only one way of proving that my key doesn't fit," I said, and thrust it in. The wheel turned easily, and the padlock came away in my hand. I dropped it and opened the book. Within the lid a name was written which I had copied a thousand times—"Eagle Madeleine Marie de Ferrier."

Still I did not believe it. Nature protects us in our uttermost losses by a density through which conviction is slow to penetrate. In some mysterious way a name had been written which I had copied a thousand times—"Eagle Madeleine Marie de Ferrier."

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bearer hurried the American within the gates.

General Proctor regretted that so fine a young man as Major Croghan should fall into the hands of savages, who were not to be restrained.

"When this fort is taken," said Croghan, on hearing the message, "there will be nobody left in it to kill."

British gunboats drawn up on the Sandusky River, and a howitzer on the shore opened fire, and cannonaded all day with the poor execution of long range artillery.

The northwestern angle of the fort was the target of Croghan's fire, for the enemy's intention was to make a breach and enter there. When night came again, his one six-pounder was moved with much labor from the gate into the south-west blockhouse, as noiselessly as possible. He masked the embrasure and had the piece loaded with a double charge of slugs and grape-shot and half a charge of powder. Perhaps the British thought him unprovided with any heavy artillery.

They were busy themselves, bringing three of the ineffective six-pounders and a howitzer under darkness within two hundred and fifty yards of the fort; giving a background of woods to their battery. About dawn we saw what they had been doing. They concentrated on the northwest angle; and still Croghan replied only with muskets, waiting for them to storm.

So I went on all day, the gun-proof blockhouse enduring its bombardment and smoke thickening until it filled the stockade as water fills a well, and settled like fog between us and the enemy. An attack was made on the southern angle where the cannon was masked.

"This is nothing but a feint," Croghan said to the younger officers.

While they were supplied with muskets, he kept a sharp lookout for the safety of the northwest blockhouse.

One soldier was brought down the ladder and carried through the murky pall to the surgeon, who did nothing for him. Another turned from a loophole with blood upon his face, laughing at his mishap. For the grotesqueness and inconceivable heat and noise of the battle, he swifly felt that his pain. He came back presently with his shoulder bandaged and resumed his place at the loophole.

The exhilaration of that powder atmosphere was not the one fellows leaping off their coats, as if the expanding human body was not to be confined in wrappings.

In such twilight of war the twilight of nature overtook us. Another feint was made to draw attention from a heavy force of assailants creeping within 20 paces, under cover of smoke, to surprise the blockhouse.

Musketry was directed against them; they hesitated. The commander led a charge, and himself sprang first into the breach. We could hear the rattling of muskets, and the thumping of the earth; the strain of men tugging cannon ropes; the swift withdrawal of a routed force.

Two thousand more Indians, appearing under Tecumseh were turned back by refugees.

Croghan remarked, as we listened to the uproar, "Proctor Stephenson can hardly be called a coward. He is a serviceable man, as good as any man need wish for; and the ravens feed me. And if I needed anything, could I take it for carrying a message? I carry good tidings of great joy among the people all the time. This is yours. Put it in your pocket. Some day I hid the padlocked book in the breast of my coat, and seized his wrist and his hand."

"De of good courage, white doublet," said Johnny Applesed. "The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you, the Lord make his face to shine upon you and give you peace!"

He returned to his side of the fire and stretched himself under the stars, and with his hands behind his head, lay down, with my clothes on, in the bunk assigned to me.

The book which I would have rent open at 20, I now carried unsealed. The suspense of it was so sweet and drew my thoughts from the other suspense which could not be endured. It was not likely that any person about Mont-Louis had stolen the book and wandered so far. Small as the volume was, the beads identified my breast and made me increasingly conscious of its presence. I waked in the night and held it.

Next morning Johnny Applesed was gone from the fort, unafraid of war, bent only on carrying the apple of civilization into the wilderness. Nobody spoke about it, for Croghan's gunnery and his loyalty were too plain to be doubted.

The women gathered their children as chickens under shelter. All in the fort were cheerful, and the men joked with the gush of humor which danger stirs in Americans.

I saw then the ready laugh that faced in its season what was called Indian summer, because the Indian took then advantage of the last pleasant weather to make raids. Such pleasure could speak highly even of powwowing time—the first pleasant February days, when savages held councils before descending on the settlements.

Major Croghan and I watched the party from one of the blockhouses that flanked the place. Before it ended, a Shawanese came out of a ravine and asked me, for a small box, to give it back voluntarily, and the British flag.

A soldier came to the mess room door, touching his cap and asking to speak with Major Croghan.

He was a few minutes later in the mess room, and he said that the British flag was now in his hands.

None of them cared a rap that Daniel Webster was opposing the war in the House of Representatives at Washington, and declaring that on land it